DC
SCOTT LOBDELL
GUILLEM MARCH
3
OCT '09
GOTHAM CITY SIRENS
DIRECT SALES
00311
7 61941 27317 4
$2.99 US
DCCOMICS.COM
BATMAN: REBORN

The Riddler is dead.
For years, starting all the way back when I was Robin, he plagued the citizens of Gotham City with his often-times homicidal behavior.
For every crime he committed (and they were legion) he'd preface each criminal act with a riddle.
"How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?"
Answer: Six. (He had hired a group of Satan's Angels assassins to kick in the skull of a noted dress designer...
...this distraction was to allow the Riddler to knock off the box office during the Fashion Extravaganza at the civic center.)
You get the idea.
Now, it appears incontrovertible that the Crown Prince of Posits--
--the maniacal master of mental manipulations--
--the conniving crafter of conundrums--
--The Riddler, is no more.

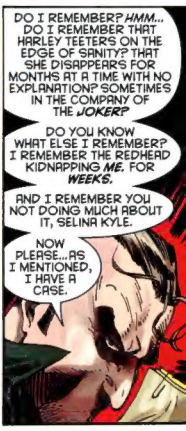
presenting GOTHAM CITY SIRENS in
RIDDLE ME THIS!
SCOTT LOBDELL: Writer
GUILLEM MARCH: Art, Colors & Cover
TRAVIS LANHAM: Lettering
JANELLE SIEGEL: Asst. Editor
MIKE MARTS: Editor
With Thanks to Chris Yost
Edward Nigma, on the other hand...
...is alive and well.
While he claims his heart is in the right place--
--insisting he's determined to use his cerebral talents to benefit others--
--it is safe to say his mind is still a little...off.
SNAP
OCCAM'S RAZOR!
I had been laying in my mock-up of the crime scene for the past six hours...
...despite a very rude interruption.
I put myself in the place of the victim...
...all the while analyzing every bit of evidence from both these seemingly unrelated tragedies.
The suicide-by-train of Russian Tennis player Natya Turgenyeva--
--and the thirty-seven-floor swan dive of Nascar superstar Buck Battleman.
And then I saw it.
MAN FALLS FROM A BUILDING
CASE 1
SUICIDE AT 1200-1206
CASE 2
CASE 1.
DEAD WOMAN
THE SUBWAY WOMAN WAS INEXPLICABLY WEARING A RACING HELMET
WOMAN FOUND DEAD ON THE SUBWAY TRACKS
BY A TRAIN HEADING SOUTH, AT 37TH STREET
RACES TO DEATH BY OWN HAND
CASE 2

My mistake had been weighing each and every bit of forensics individually, looking for a clue to present itself.

CAN I KILL HIM *NOW?*

I'M CONSIDERING IT.

DAMMIT, RIDDLER, DID YOU EVEN *HEAR* WHAT I SAID? *HARLEY'S* BEEN TAKEN!



OCCAM'S RAZOR
NAMED FORTHE
INSISTONTHE OBVIOUS
SUICIDE ISMURDER OFSELF
INVERSION OFSAME
NOTSELF MURDERISNOT SUICDE
WHICH MEANS...
...OF COURSE!
I've matched wits with the best.
Tall guy. Pointy ears. Black cape.
You know the type.
SKRITCH
I would leave a riddle before I'd commit a crime.
Daring Batman to stop me.
I know, I know-- what was I thinking?
SHRAK!
But the guy committing these crimes?
He hides the clues to his next murder--
--on the bodies of his current victim!
Yes, it's my job to stop him.
If for no other reason than my fledgling private investigation firm could use the publicity.
But that doesn't mean I don't tip my hat to the guy.
He may be good.
But he's got a lot to learn.
Nothing he can't pick up from his future roommates at Arkham Asylum.
Bruce trusted him...
...only slightly farther than he could throw him.

Even without the green smoke bombs--

--or the Riddler-mobile screaming down the street--

--it's not that hard to get the media's attention.

It only takes two words.

SERIAL KILLER.

BUT ALL THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO SUICIDE.

WHY WOULD GCPD NOT ALERT THE MEDIA IF A HOMICIDAL MANIAC WERE STALKING THE CITY?

LET'S BE KIND AND SAY THEY DON'T HAVE ANYONE WITH MY UNIQUE PERSPECTIVE.

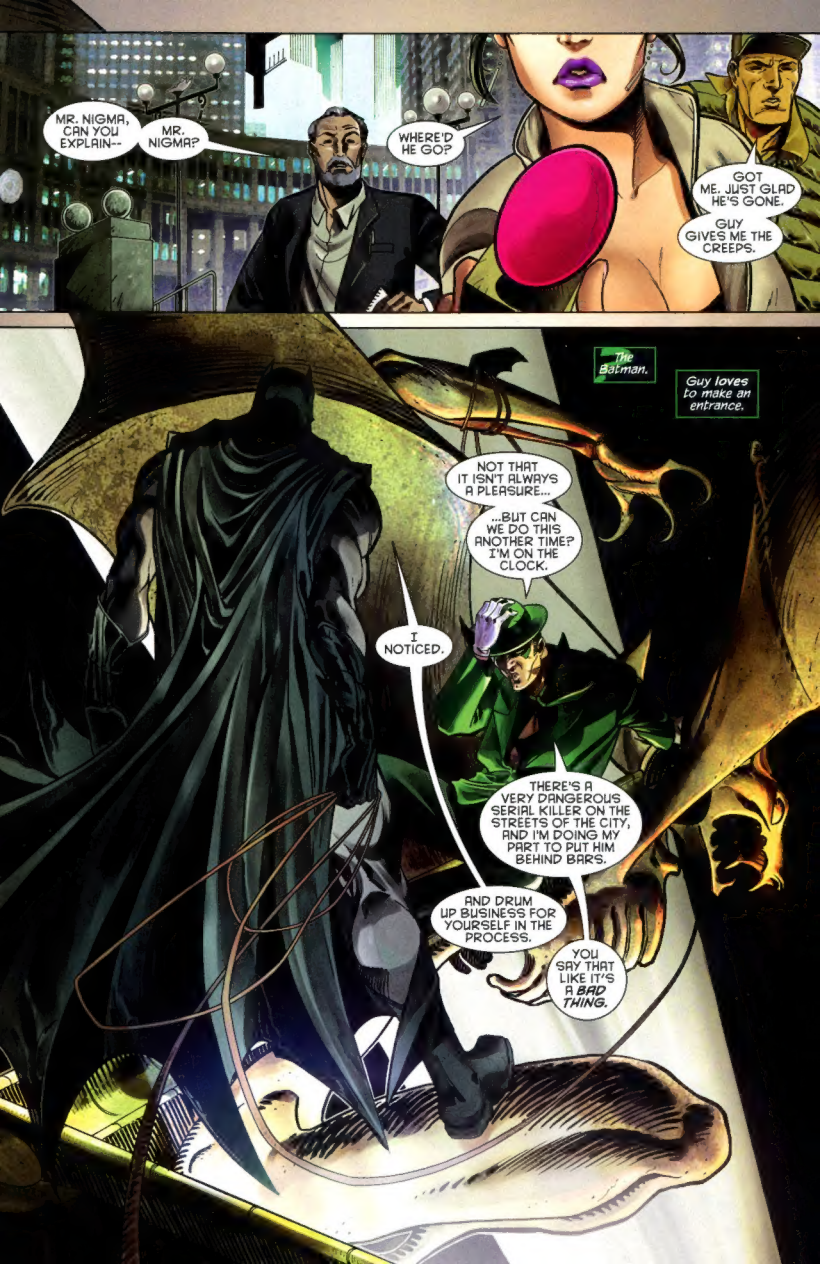
OR DAZZLING INTELLECT.

AND LEAVE IT AT THAT.

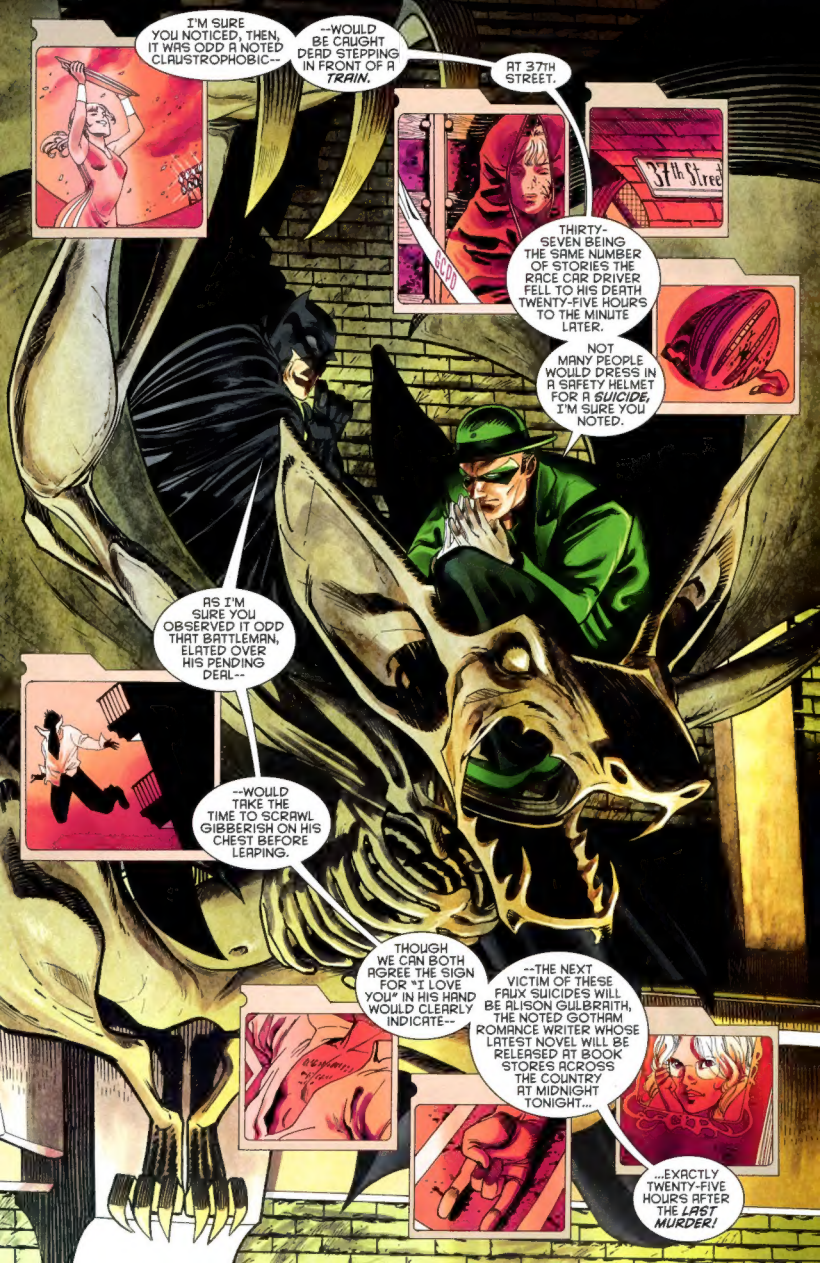
YOU'VE GONE OVER YOUR THEORY SEVERAL TIMES, AND I'M AFRAID I SPEAK FOR EVERYONE HERE WHEN I SAY--

--UM, WE DON'T GET IT.

NOR COULD YOU BE *EXPECTED* TO.


MR. NIGMA, CAN YOU EXPLAIN--
MR. NIGMA?
WHERE'D HE GO?
GOT ME. JUST GLAD HE'S GONE.
GUY GIVES ME THE CREEPS.
The Batman.
Guy loves to make an entrance.
NOT THAT IT ISN'T ALWAYS A PLEASURE...
...BUT CAN WE DO THIS ANOTHER TIME? I'M ON THE CLOCK.
I NOTICED.
THERE'S A VERY DANGEROUS SERIAL KILLER ON THE STREETS OF THE CITY, AND I'M DOING MY PART TO PUT HIM BEHIND BARS.
AND DRUM UP BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF IN THE PROCESS.
YOU SAY THAT LIKE IT'S A BAD THING.

YOU'RE NOT HELPING PEOPLE BY SCARING THEM.
Someone else might have missed it. Not me.
"Batman" isn't quite himself.
OH, HOO!
HO HA HA HO HA HO!
...THAT IS A HOOT COMING FROM YOU!
Height, weight, build, how he carries himself, the voice...all different. He does a good job with the performance...
...but I'm not your average audience. Still, I'll play along.
See how quickly he gives it away.
BUT SERIOUSLY.
YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN TOO BUSY DOING THE CALYPSO WITH CATWOMAN...
...TO NOTICE THE NUMBER TWO RANKED TENNIS PRO IN THE WORLD--
--SOMEONE WITH A LOT TO LIVE FOR--
--SUPPOSEDLY CHOSE TO STEP IN FRONT OF A TRAIN TWO NIGHTS AGO.
He's testing me, Fine.
AND I PROBABLY DIDN'T REALIZE BOB BATTLEMAN LEAPT OFF A BUILDING LAST NIGHT...
...WHEN HE WAS DUE TO PICK UP A TWELVE MILLION DOLLAR ENDORSEMENT THIS MORNING.
Jerk.
Showboat.
I KNEW THAT.
CLEARLY.


I'M SURE YOU NOTICED, THEN, IT WAS ODD A NOTED CLAUSTROPHOBIC--
--WOULD BE CAUGHT DEAD STEPPING IN FRONT OF A TRAIN.
AT 37TH STREET.
37th Street
THIRTY-SEVEN BEING THE SAME NUMBER OF STORIES THE RACE CAR DRIVER FELL TO HIS DEATH TWENTY-FIVE HOURS TO THE MINUTE LATER.
NOT MANY PEOPLE WOULD DRESS IN A SAFETY HELMET FOR A SUICIDE, I'M SURE YOU NOTED.
AS I'M SURE YOU OBSERVED IT ODD THAT BATTLEMAN, ELATED OVER HIS PENDING DEAL--
--WOULD TAKE THE TIME TO SCRAWL GIBBERISH ON HIS CHEST BEFORE LEAPING.
THOUGH WE CAN BOTH AGREE THE SIGN FOR "I LOVE YOU" IN HIS HAND WOULD CLEARLY INDICATE--
--THE NEXT VICTIM OF THESE FAUX SUICIDES WILL BE ALISON GUILBRAITH, THE NOTED GOTHAM ROMANCE WRITER WHOSE LATEST NOVEL WILL BE RELEASED AT BOOK STORES ACROSS THE COUNTRY AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT...
...EXACTLY TWENTY-FIVE HOURS AFTER THE LAST MURDER!

Whoever he is...he's good. I'll give him that.
YOU'RE GOOD.
I GET BY.
Thank God for Alfred and the Batcomputer. Tim was always better at this than me.
IT WOULD BE... PRUDENT...IF YOU LOOKED AFTER HER TWIN SISTER, ANGELA.
IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT, AS YOU KNOW, MOST SERIAL KILLERS ADVANCE THEIR GAME WITH EACH SUCCESSIVE CRIME.
ARE YOU KIDDING? I LIVE TO SERVE.
NOW THAT GIVES US ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES TO FIND OUR RESPECTIVE--
GRRR.
It's not as impressive as it looks.

While I attended to the task at hand--

--Ed Nigma looked after the girl.

The Heart of Poe...

I know a babysitting gig when it is proffered.

But you know what? I'll get the credit for breaking the case whether I get killed or not.

Her name is Angela.

LEAP
FLIK
WISSWISS
REALLY, MADAM--IS THAT ANY WAY TO WELCOME THE MAN WHO IS HERE TO SAVE YOUR LIFE?
I'M NOT AN IDIOT, "RIDDLER"! YOUR REPUTATION PRECEDES YOU.
CANDID PORTRAITS
NEW
The riddles are gone...
...but the questions linger.
THAT'S... AN OLD PICTURE.

BRRING
THE PHONE?
BUT I'M NEVER HERE THIS LATE.
BRRING
IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME TO ANSWER.
I'M EXPECTING A CALL.
HEY, BATS.
DONE WITH OUR FRIEND ALREADY?
"FRIENDS," PLURAL.
OH?
THE THREE OF THEM AREN'T TALKING.
YET.
NOW THAT YOU ARE SAFE AND SOUND, MADAM...
I BID YOU ADIEU.
TH-THANK YOU.
I HAVE TO ADMIT, FOR A SUPER-VILLAIN YOU'RE VERY POLITE.
I'M NOT ACTUALLY--
PLNK
--eh?
THAT'S BAD, ISN'T IT?

WHAT AM I MISSING? WHAT AM I MISSING?
RACER DEATH INDICATED TIME OF MURDER AS TWELVE
FIRST MURDER TWELVE SECOND MURDER
120K
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!
MR. NIGMA?
SAY SOMETHING, PLEASE?!
GET DOWN.
BARAKARAM

THINK SHE'S DEAD?
DER.
WE HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY!
?!
-shh-
THIS HAS BEEN TIMED DOWN TO THE LAST SECOND!
WE NEED TO PLANT THE CLUES ON THE LAST BODY BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE ALMOST DONE WITH OUR LITTLE EXERCISE.
WHO KNEW KILLING PEOPLE AND OUTSMARTING THE AUTHORITIES WOULD BE SO MUCH *FUN?*
Would be surprised.
UM, CONNIE?
IT'S CONUNDRUM WHILE WE'RE IN COSTUME.
FIND HIM, I'LL PLANT THE EVIDENCE.
SHE'S SO BOSSY. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE PARTNERS AND SHE TREATS US AS HENCHMEN.
Like taking candy from a baby.

more accurately--
--slamming an oversized picture book down a baby's throat.
Metaphorically.
HOW DID I KNOW THAT SOMEHOW--THROUGH ALL OF THIS--I'D ACTUALLY HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO MEET MY IDOL IN THE FLESH?
I CAN'T SAY--CONUNDRUM, ISN'T IT?
IT IS.
I MAY BE THE SMARTEST, CERTAINLY THE MOST CLEVER, PERSON I KNOW--
--BUT EVEN I DIDN'T FORESEE THESE CRIMES WERE COMMITTED BY A MULTITUDE OF MURDERERS.
NOW THAT I KNOW THIS, YOU'LL ALLOW ME TO GUESS YOUR ORIGIN?
IT WOULD BE AN HONOR, MR. NIGMA. HAVE AT IT.

GIVEN YOUR RELATIVELY YOUNG AGES, I'M GOING TO ASSUME YOU'RE COLLEGE STUDENTS.
POLICE SCIENCE MAJORS.
A STUDY IN BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE HIGHLIGHTED MY WELL-PUBLICIZED REHABILITATION, AND YOU TOOK IT UPON YOURSELVES TO FILL A VOID.

AMAZING. YOU'RE EVERY BIT AS BRILLIANT AS THE CASE HISTORIES WE STUDIED HAD SAID YOU WERE.
IF I WASN'T HOLDING A GUN TO THIS WOMAN'S HEAD, I WOULD APPLAUD!

WHAT CAN I SAY?
YES, I'M THAT GOOD.

I AM GENUINELY SORRY I HAVE TO KILL YOU.
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO CRACK YOUR HEAD OPEN AND STUDY THE WAY YOUR BRAIN WORKS.

IF YOU'RE OPEN TO A BIT OF ADVICE, I'D SUGGEST YOU CEASE, IF NOT DESIST.
THE BATMAN WILL BE HERE ANY MOMENT, AND I SEE NO REASON YOU SHOULD ADD ANOTHER HOMICIDE TO YOUR RESUME.
BATMAN.
ON HIS WAY.
TO HELP YOU.
TH-THAT WOULD BE AWESOME, BUT EVEN I DON'T SEE THAT HAPPENING.
HAVEN'T YOU READ THE PAPERS LATELY?
THE BAT AND I ARE THICK AS THIEVES.
HE EVEN GAVE ME THIS NEW CANE--COMPLETE WITH A GPS BEACON!
"A TWIST OF THE QUESTION MARK--
"--AND HE WAS ALERTED TO MY SITUATION."
?!
RIGHT
FOR THE RECORD?
IT'S KILLING ME NOT TO ASK YOU "WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING?"

THUMP
ED! YOU DID IT!
I THOUGHT I WAS ONLY STALLING FOR TIME--UNTIL I THOUGHT OF SOMETHING.
DO I--DO I REALLY HAVE A BAT-SIGNAL IN MY CANE?
OF COURSE NOT. IT OCCURRED TO ME THE ADDRESS WAS--
--1200 TO 1206, THE TIME OF THE SECOND MURDER.
YOU CAME ALL THIS WAY TO SAVE ME.
ADMIT IT, RODENTMAN--I'M GROWING ON YOU.
I'M HERE TO SAVE THE WOMAN. YOU'RE JUST COLLATERAL SALVAGE.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, ANGELA...THE BATMAN.
THE BATMAN, ANGELA.
IT'S A PLEASURE.
He's got the cheeriness down, at least.
I'M LEAVING NOW.

Maybe the Riddler is dead.
Maybe in his place is a man who can use his mental condition--
--to make amends for the sins of his past.
Maybe it is time to toast...
...to the life and times of Edward Nigma.
Maybe.

He's not convinced.
"Trust but verify."
I don't blame him.
YOU DID NOT SAY IT!
I DID. I HATE HER.
OKAY, WHAT ELSE?
EARLIER TODAY, WE GOT A PLAINCLOTHES HARLEY QUINN IN GOTHAM...
I used to be a very bad per--
...ON THE TOWN WITH BRUCE WAYNE!
I used to be--
I FORGOT MY DOLLY...
GET IN THE CAR.
TAKING A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE, MR. WAYNE?
SELINA.
YOU NEED TO TURN ON YOUR TV.
Next:
HUSH & HARLEY
(sitting in a tree!)

DC COMICS DAN DIDIO, Senior VP-Executive Editor PAUL LEVITZ, President & Publisher GEORG BREWER, VP-Design & DC Direct Creative RICHARD BRUNING, Senior VP-Creative Director PATRICK CALDON, Executive VP-Finance & Operations CHRIS CARAMALIS, VP-Finance JOHN CUNNINGHAM, VP-Marketing TERRI CUNNINGHAM, VP-Managing Editor MARILYN DRUCKER, VP-Brand Management AMY GENKINS, Senior VP-Business & Legal Affairs ALISON GILL, VP-Manufacturing DAVID HYDE, VP-Publicity HANK KANALZ, VP-General Manager, WildStorm JAY KOGAN, VP-Business & Legal Affairs/Deputy General Counsel JIM LEE, Editorial Director-WildStorm GREGORY NOVECK, Senior VP - Creative Affairs RICH PALERMO, VP-Business & Legal Affairs/Deputy General Counsel RON PERAZZA, VP-Creative Services SUE POHJA, VP - Book Trade Sales STEVE ROTTERDAM, Senior VP-Sales & Marketing CHERYL RUBIN, Senior VP-Brand Management ALYSSE SOLL, VP-Advertising & Custom Publishing, JEFF TROJAN, VP-Business Development, DC Direct BOB WAYNE, VP-Sales

SUSTAINABLE FORESTRY INITIATIVE Certified Fiber Sourcing Fiber used in this product line meets the sourcing requirements of the SFI program. www.sfiprogram.org PWC-SFIDOC-260

GOTHAM CITY SIRENS 3. October, 2009. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to GOTHAM CITY SIRENS, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 308, Congers, NY 10920. Annual subscription rate (12 issues) $24.99. Canadian subscribers must add $12.00 for postage and GST. GST # R125921072. All foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 2009 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof and related elements are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories or artwork. This book is manufactured at a facility holding chain-of-custody certification. This paper is made with sustainably managed North American fiber. Printed by World Color Press, Inc. Montreal, QC, Canada. 8/18/09.

DC Comics, a Warner Bros. Entertainment Company

A
GREEN GIANT
SCAN
DCP
LIKE IT?
BUY IT!